

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN

It is a good wind that blows no man ill.

This postage stamp has a contract with the envelope and the postoffice, and must carry it out to the letter by sticking to it.

A BILL for a "greater Boston" has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature. It may be possible to make Boston larger, but it is beyond the power of feeble mortality, look you, to make the only Boston any greater.

The movement toward securing 1-cent postage has many supporters among business men, but there are a good many people on the other hand who would rather continue to pay 2-cent postage and get better service than they have now.

JAPAN has the least poverty of any nation in the world, and yet the people of the United States pay many dollars every year to send missionaries to Japan to instruct that benighted people in our better Christian ways. Come to Newcastles.

PRINCE BISMARCK was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place. "He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father. "Indeed," said Bismarck, who does not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements: "what a wonderful head-waiter he would make."

SECRETARY MORTON has finally appointed an agrostologist, and business will begin to pick up at once. This country has simply been waiting until an agrostologist was selected. It will now take off its coat, spit on its hands and proceed to boom. It is remarkable that no one has had sense enough to see that an agrostologist was the only thing necessary for a complete revival of industry.

MISS ALICE FLETCHER, the ethnologist, who has made a study of the Omahas and other Indian tribes for the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, has been paid the highest of any woman employed by the government. As a special agent of the Indian bureau she drew a salary of \$8 a day and her expenses while making the allotments of lands to the Nez Percés and the other tribes given individual holdings or farms.

PROMPT demand by the State Department for explanation of firing on a ship under the American flag has brought from Honduras apology instead of explanation. No explanation was possible that would not have made apology its sequence. The little brag of Central America will exercise more discretion and less valor next time it wants to take a political refuge off a vessel flying Uncle Sam's colors.

NOVELIST HOWELLS is reported as saying that he knows it would do him good to chop wood or dig potatoes a couple of hours every day. Many unfortunate persons who have tried to read certain novels might easily be persuaded to say that it would do them lots of good if Mr. Howells would adopt either wood chopping or potato digging as a regular and exclusive avocation. The danger is that if the latter were chosen the potatoes would be sure to turn out small.

It has been asked, "Does advertising pay?" A German journal, the *Mainzer Nachrichten*, replies to this question by giving the following fact, the authenticity of which it guarantees: A person advertised that he would pay 5 marks to the sender of the largest potato. In less than 15 days the clever advertiser found himself in possession of as many sacks full of the very finest potatoes, which, after paying the 5 marks promised for the largest example, might be reckoned a very profitable speculation.

It seems that the Emperors upon whom the peace of Europe depends have not been talking of disarming. The interview which announced their intention to disperse their armies and remit the overwhelming taxes was apocryphal. They are as much disposed as ever to fly at each other's throats if it becomes necessary. But their immense armaments enable them to exact small compromises from each other in trade and in politics without fighting, and so they keep them at full strength through long periods of peace.

"AM I a chump?" howls Ald. John O'Neill, of Chicago. "Are we all chumps, that we cannot legislate?" It is pleasant to be able to give Mr. O'Neill the information he desires. A careful survey of the situation justifies an affirmative reply to both his questions. The Aldermen who are trying to string Chicago full of trolley wires are chumps. Strict adherence to the truth dictates the statement that most of them are rascals, too. Any further information that Mr. O'Neill is in need of will be cheerfully furnished on application.

"O'NEIL'S SUBSCRIBER" is writing to the St. Louis papers complaining bitterly that stumps and growing trees are allowed to obstruct the middle of the streets of the Mound City. This is worse than any one outside of St. Louis dreamed of. It is true that

reports have come from that city of huge mounds of hay on Olive street, and it was well known that the cow ordinance was bitterly antagonized by leading citizens. But no one, without the evidence of the St. Louis newspapers themselves, would have credited the statement that forests were springing up in the thoroughfares of the Missouri metropolis. It is too bad. The financial depression must have hit St. Louis an awful swat.

NEW JERSEY "lightning" has popularly been supposed to produce the most completely paralyzing "jag" in the briefest space of time of any liquid on earth. But it has failed to satisfy the demands of the bibulous citizens of that State, and now the popular drunk is the "paregoric drunk," and that mosquito country is full of it. Paregoric contains both alcohol and opium, and the victim of this new habit enjoys the double sensation of hilarity and sweet unconsciousness beyond all measure. Of course, there's a great difference in the morning, but this has not stayed the growth of the habit, and the Mayor of Plainfield has been compelled to issue a proclamation forbidding the general sale of the stuff.

AN increasing danger, not only to the express companies, but to travelers by rail, is to be found in the fact that amateurs have evidently taken to train robbery. The professional bandit of the Younger and James type did his work neatly, quickly and expeditiously. He killed no one wantonly. He knew his business. The amateur is a bungler. His mode of operation, as shown in the attempted "hold-up" at Lincoln and the attempted train wrecking near Worthington, Minn., is without system and without any regard for human life. Instead of flagging the train and getting control of the engineer the amateur seeks to cause a wreck, hoping to loot the express car in the confusion. Or he attacks trains bearing no treasure, and having shot men recklessly and uselessly he retreats without any booty. His operations are unskillful, murderous and unprofitable. He slays innocent people with little hope of gain, and he should himself be slain wherever found. He is the ass in the lion's skin, but more dangerous than the lion himself.

WHEN the directors of the Chicago Lake Street L. Road voted for a sweeping reduction of officers' salaries, leaving the wages of the operating force untouched, they set a good example. Most corporations—and especially in America—look upon the salaries of the high-priced and ornamental officers as fixed charges, not to be altered or reduced under any circumstances. When retrenchment becomes necessary, the first attack is upon the wages of the working force—the men who at the best earn from \$2 to \$3 a day. The presidents and general managers and superintendents are sacred. Not even the awful prospect of reducing or passing a dividend will induce the directors—many of whom are also salaried officers—to begin cutting at the top. They continue to draw full pay until a receiver is appointed. It is cheering to notice that one corporation has broken away from this tradition, and its example might well be followed by other institutions that cut the wages of low-salaried employees without any excuse whatever other than a desire to take advantage of the hard times and scarcity of work.

DISMAL howls come from across the border. Our Canadian brethren are protesting against the arrangements made by the British and the United States authorities for carrying out the provisions of the Behring Sea arbitration. When the Paris tribunal first rendered its decision the Canuck rejoiced greatly. The finding pleased them. They saw opportunities for unlimited poaching. The businesslike preparations that are being made to protect the seals have caused an entire change of tune. The finding of the tribunal was wrong; the action of the American Government is infamous. They don't propose to submit to the proposed arrangements. But they will. They say they will do terrible things, but they don't mean it. They will keep up the howling for a time, but when it comes to actual trouble they will slither down and swallow their wrath. They like to poach, but they don't like to be spanked, and as spanking will surely follow any attempt at poaching the Canadians will turn their attention from the seals to the less profitable but safer occupation of smuggling Chinamen into this country at so much a head.

THE "Handy Man" is a godsend to the plumber, the carpenter, the builder, the paperhanger and general others. With a view to saving expenses he buys a tool chest and proceeds to tinker with everything that is out of shape. When a door hangs badly he takes it off the hinges and tries to plane or saw a piece off the bottom. He is certainly to spoil the woodwork and certainly breaks the hinges in putting them back. It is not at all an easy thing for one man to hang a door anyhow, and it is practically impossible for an amateur to do it at all.

When the handy man finds some of his wall paper knocked off he hunts up one of the fragments that were left and pastes it over, producing a result so hideous that his wife generally sends for a paperhanger and has the whole room done over again. The same man commences to build a shed or back fence, and finding that he has got everything out of plumb and that the corners won't come right he sends for a carpenter and has to pay him for tearing everything down besides doing the work.

AN amusing game which children like is played thus: Three or more players sit round the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to guide the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the papers are passed on to the left-hand neighbor. Then each player draws a body, also

carrying the line at a little below the fold. It is then passed on as before, and the legs are drawn in the same way and folded over. Then they are opened, and if well done cause a great deal of laughter. Of course, each person does not know what his predecessor has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different.—Tribune.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Anecdotes and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Two tireless feet all day have trotted across the parlor floor; Two tiny dimpled hands have slyly plotted mischief behind the door.

Two 'magic crystal' orbs, with watch unceasing, Their dance on all have flung; Two rosy lips their merry chattering teasing In bird-like notes have sung.

Now, o'er those orbs the drowsy lids are closing, And lips, white heads, and feet lie still, repeating "Good-night."

O blessed hour! when soft-winked sleep, And gives its sweet succor To toll-worn mortals—all their troubles ending In sweet oblivious peace.

For He who ever guides the snail's slow setting, And gently veils the earth, That deep repose may bring that self-forgetting Prelude to a new birth.

Will ever guard the tender infant's slumber, And send his angel bands The midnight watch and dawning hours to number With star-tipped wands.

That boy, Hurrah for me! I'm "that boy," Grandmother talks about him. She says, "There is that boy again! I wonder if she wants me to be a girl."



Four little Kittens So pure and white, Hunting a place To sleep for the night.



See them next morning All dusty and black, They jumped down the coal-hole And couldn't get back.

Then, whenever I go near the girls playing doll tea party, they begin to grab up their things and cry, "Oh, there comes that boy!" I would just as soon be some other boy, but I can't. Papa says, "What is that boy up to now?" just as though a boy didn't have to be up to something or bust. What's wrong with being a boy? Papa was one, and grandpa—she couldn't be. Papa is always saying, "When I was a boy," I guess it's all right to be a boy, or God wouldn't make so many, but maybe I'm not the best kind. I could please grandpa, and the girls better. I guess I'll try—I'm tired of being "that boy."—Christian at Work.

Juvenile Logic. "Why, mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!" "Yes, dear; that came because you were so naughty yesterday."

"Oh, mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandpa! All her hair is gray!"

Rather a Surprise. Fair visitor—I should like to see the editor of the woman's page.

"Once boy—here he is over here; de fat man in his shirt sleeves, wid de clay pipe in his mou!"

Wanted to Parade. A coming wedding in a northern New York town is to be carried out with considerable pomp and ceremony, as befits the striking beauty of the bride to be. Her small sisters of 8 and 10 years of age are to be bridesmaids, and the other evening were being drilled in their parts, when the baby of the family, Miss Dorothy, aged 3, slipped down from the seat where she had been soberly watching the proceedings, and, crossing the room, pulled her mother's sleeve. "Mamma," she said, "I want to be in that parade, too."

A Soft Answer. Said the wise man, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." A lady who believed in this precept said to her 7-year-old Nellie, who is somewhat quick-tempered, "If one of your playmates speaks rudely to you, return a soft answer." "Soft?" "Yes. Now run along and play. Mamma is busy."

The child went out on the lawn, where a neighbor's boy was mending a kite. She accidentally broke the kite and made a mess of it. The boy was angry. "I don't like you. You're a horrid thing," he said. Little Nellie's eyes flashed, and she was about to reply with a very unkind remark when suddenly recalling her mother's advice about a soft answer she looked the boy right in the eye and said meekly and slowly, "Mush!"

An Amusing Game. An amusing game which children like is played thus: Three or more players sit round the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper folded into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to guide the next person. The head is doubled over so as not to be seen, and the papers are passed on to the left-hand neighbor. Then each player draws a body, also

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"I don't think I am really—really very greedy. I only had one crust of bread to-day," Polly said, very quietly. "Well, if that ain't enough it ought to be," Jacob said crossly.

Before I go any further with my story I ought to tell you the history of poor Polly. She was stolen from her parents by Jacob when a toddler of three, and at eight, instead of being a plump, rosy child, she was a pale, thin, ragged child, with short, brown hair falling over her

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NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANERS.

SHORTAGE IN TOWNSHIP TREASURY FUNDS.—Supreme Court Judges Check a Smile.—Joachim Has Another Chance.—Dr. Smith, of Lisbon, Is a Fighter.

Nearly \$5,000 shy. The funds of Munising Township, Alger County, have been carelessly handled the past year. The result of a careful auditing of its books by the new township board has developed a shortage of \$4,500. Treasurer Knox entrusted the handling of the township's money to his deputy, James McIntyre. McIntyre is said to be well fixed financially and able to replace the amount of the alleged shortage. This is done they will be no audit brought against the parties interested by the township.

Fun for Grease Judges. The grave judges of the Supreme Court were consoled with laughter the other day. They were reading a record. It seems a man named Jensen was requested by a man named Downer to bring a calf to town for him. The men drove to the field after the calf. On the way they were struck by a railroad train. Jensen sued for \$10,000 damages. Here's the part of Downer's testimony that made the judges laugh: "After I jumped I looked around and saw Mr. Jensen in the air and the wagon flying to pieces. All that was left of the wagon was the front wheels and the horses hitched to the tongue. It cut the wagon right in two, box and everything. Then I went over to him and asked him if he was hurt. He did not answer me at first, and I saw him crying. By that time Mr. Leech came up and we took him over and sat him on the front axle of the wagon. I asked him if he was hurt. He did not answer that, but said: 'D—n that calf!'"

Now Seven Men Died. The Corners' jury sitting upon the seven victims of the New Era wreck have rendered a verdict. They find that the men died of their death "from the overturning of an engine in which they were riding, on the steam railroad of Messrs. Staples & Corvill, in the township of Shelby, on the 9th day of April, 1894, caused by running upon a beach track which had been blown across the track at a curve in said road. Said persons were riding in said engine which was overturned, and before they could escape were burned and scalded by steam, also by inhaling the steam, which caused their death. And we further find that blame can be attached to any person or company, but the same was entirely accidental."

Newark Is Golly. Charles W. Newkirk, the absconding Bay City bank clerk who got away with something like \$10,000 and fled to Los Angeles, Cal., pleaded guilty. The technical charge to which Newkirk pleads guilty is the embezzlement of \$900 belonging to the Bay County Savings Bank. The bank has made every effort to keep the exact amount of Newkirk's depredations from the public, and he now refuses to make any statement regarding it, but it is known to be nearly \$10,000. Newkirk had worked for the bank for five or six years and had always been considered faithful and reliable, but was paid only \$9 per week. Low wages and the effort to keep up high style brought about his downfall.

Willing to Pay for His Sport. Dr. O. Smith, of Lisbon, admitted he assaulted a fellow citizen and cheerfully paid his fine. He had provoked enough. It seems he testified against a drug store firm in the United States Court. Since then his life has been a burden. His house has been bombarded with rotten eggs, and a sign was put up, "Pure whisky sold here," although the Doctor is well known to be a temperance man. When he went to the postoffice the roughs would grin him, calling his daughter's children "red-heads" because their hair was of auburn color. The Doctor is a patient man, but patience has its limits, and that is why he cheerfully paid his little fine.

Its Funds in Danger. Kalamazoo College is mourning over the fact that it stands a good chance to be out of several thousand dollars on account of the collapse of the Third National Bank of Detroit. Some years ago the college came into the possession of forty shares of stock of that bank and figured it, of course, as part of the college assets. Now the board of trustees find to their horror that they are not only out their stock but are called upon to pay from the trust funds some \$3,360, their portion of the 81 per cent assessment declared against stockholders of the bank.

Joachim Escapes Conviction. The trial of the case of The People vs. J. W. Joachim, ex-Secretary of State, ended at Lansing in a disagreement of the jury. The Judge gave his charge and the jury deliberated for ten hours, but they failed to reach a verdict. The Court then there was no possibility of an agreement and the jury was discharged.

Record of the Week. THE new Zion Lutheran Church in Ann Arbor will cost \$25,000 and have a tower 135 feet high.

AT Luncheonette, a hunting resort east of Bay City, Harry Fox, aged 28, attacked his father with a knife and inflicted a fatal wound.

AT Wallaceville, a family of Mancelona were badly injured while escaping from their house. One or two are in a critical condition.

JOHN V. FARWELL, of Chicago, has purchased the Hollister Block, a modern six-story Lansing office building, which was erected two years ago by H. C. Hollister, at an expense of \$100,000. The lease of the block is not divulged.

THE Soo locks have been fitted out for the summer season.

UNDER the new scale of wages adopted by the Common Council of Kalamazoo the chief engineer of the water works will draw \$20 a year salary and a house rent free, while the assistant engineer will get \$15 a month, or \$900 a year.

THE little 3-year-old son of Henry Hook, of Cheboygan, was throwing chips into the river back of the Industrial Park. Workmen were several other children when he slipped and fell in. So far every effort made to find his body has been unsuccessful.

A GRAND RAPIDS dog caught a rat, but could not kill the vermin. He chewed it, dragged it, scratched it, dropped it, but to no purpose. The rat would not die. Finally he carried it to the house, took the rat and left it on the rail. A street car made an end of the rat.

FOR the past three years there has been practically no apple crop in Leape County. D. C. Halsey, a prominent farmer and fruit grower of Leape County, says: "Notwithstanding the varied weather we have had this winter, the apple buds are in a healthy condition, and the prospects promise a heavy crop."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson, and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

Joseph Forgiving His Brethren. The lesson for Sunday, April 22, may be found in Gen. 33:1-16.

INTRODUCTION. In this lesson Joseph seems at his noblest. In spite of adverse conditions he has lifted himself up to a king's seat. His aim was always a happy home, and his aim was to be a blessing to his people.

Wedge-wed, who invented the well-known "quoniam," and secured the honorable title of "potter to her majesty," was at the first but a humble hand of the clay and a cripple at that. But he became a high conception, and he turned his very infirmity to account. He wrought royally into his lowliness. So may every young worker, getting practical impulse from lesson, do. But in no respect does Joseph shine, a more lovely nature than in his forgiveness, for, surely, he was at his best—God's best.

To err is human. To forgive, divine.

POINTS IN THE LESSON. Joseph "could not refrain himself." He could not hold himself in or back. The Hebrew word means to wind or twist, as with thoughts. He could not longer hold the bowels of his affections in leash.

There stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze.

Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze. How often have we seen the vulgar gaze.</

The Avalanche.

P. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1894.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

McKinleyism is getting simply awful as an epidemic. Look at the New Jersey election returns.

There is every prospect that the author of the Wilson bill will not be returned to Congress. The fate of Horizontal Bill Morrison awaits him.

The attitude of many democrats just now seems to be that they are in favor of the Wilson bill, but opposed to its passage.

There is more "laying before Congress," and less hatching, than in any other chicken coop in the Nation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Alpena is organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The democrats of that place think it ought to have been in running order election day.—Cheboygan Tribune.

"Returns from Tuesday's municipal elections in Illinois indicate enormous republican gains everywhere. Chestnut! The returns from every election held this spring have told the same story.—N. Y. Press.

The Courier Journal (Dem.) says the passage of the Wilson tariff bill will be a gold-brick swindle upon the people. And yet it denounces Senator Hill for refusing to help pocket "the gold brick."

In his famous speech last week, Senator Hill said: "We have no moral right deliberately to discard \$76,000,000 of tariff revenue and thereby create a deficiency to be supplied by other and more objectionable taxes."

"Hides are on the free list of the Wilson bill," and in almost every county where there has been an election lately the Democratic hide is seen hanging on a back yard fence.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An exchange notes the important fact that thus far not a single American born person has been concerned in the outrages growing out of the strike in the coke regions.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Advices from Oregon declare that the democracy in that State is "despondent." That is certainly a new name for it. In this latitude, the Coroner uses an old word of one syllable, dead.—N. Y. Press.

The Grayling Avalanche, with its last issue, entered upon its sixteenth year. Friend Palmer and his paper have always been loyal to this section and have aided materially in the advancement of Northern Michigan.—Cheboygan Tribune.

The Reed-Hill system of parliament, any procedure supplements the Cashington scheme in the particular point in which it was weak. The new system will meet a long felt want. No legislative assembly anywhere will be without it much longer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Crawford Avalanche has passed its sixteenth mile post, and, from its sturdy and prosperous gait, it is safe to suppose that its mile posts will lead up to the millennium. It is one of the best exchanges we receive, and is a bright jewel of the Republican party.—Leviston Journal.

The Democrat keeps crying out for the privilege of buying in the markets of the world. He must be flush, as there is more for sale in Grayling than we have money to pay for. What hurts us is the tariff of 85 per cent on peanuts. The markets of the world are all protected, except England, and that discriminates against us.

Last December, the democrats carried Chicago by a plurality of 1290 in a total vote of 227,227, and on Tuesday last they were defeated by a plurality of 18,539 in a total vote of 193,228. Chicago could not have chosen a better way to answer Mr. Stead's book about her alleged monstrous wickedness.—Globe-Democrat.

"You never heard of a tomfool expedition like Corey's Commonwealth Army, during a republican administration in Congress and the White House. In those times, American citizens were so busily engaged in making money and building homes that they had no leisure to devote to the show business.—N. Y. Press.

A year ago Colorado kicked and went populist, but in the elections which have been held in the past month, the majority of cities and towns went republican, a few populist, and one military town, Las Animas, went democratic with a decreased majority. Sixty-six elections in one state, and but one went democratic.

Last week the Grayling Avalanche began its 16th year, and is as bright and new as ever.—Mail-Telegram.

The Brooklyn Eagle says: "The Eagle would rather have the McKinley law without an income tax than the Wilson tariff with one. The Northern Democrat and Tawes Herald should move at once 'to read the Eagle out of the democratic party,' along with Senator Hill.

The Detroit Free Press insults the members of its own party by claiming that politics had but little to do with the result of the election, insisting that the matter of personal fitness of the candidates had more to do with it than anything else. This is virtually charging that the democratic candidates were unfit persons for the offices.—Cheboygan Tribune.

Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, has been elected chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, to succeed Representative Caldwell, who was recently elected mayor of Cincinnati. Representative Aspley, of Massachusetts, succeeds Mr. Babcock as Vice-Chairman, and Representative Hull, of Iowa, takes Mr. Aspley's place on the executive committee.

In the absence of the Hon. Don Dickinson, of Michigan, the report that he is already planning to capture his party nomination for President in 1896 must not be taken seriously. Until he crawls from beneath the chaotic ruins into which the Michigan Democracy was smashed at the recent local elections, and declares his intentions, Mr. Dickinson is by charity and justice entitled to the benefit of the doubt.—N. Y. Press.

That \$50,000 color press of the Chicago Inter Ocean is being utilized in a unique and instructive manner by that great newspaper. It is being used to print a "Little Paper for Little People" with four full pages in color, and beginning with Sunday, April 29th, this paper will contain the first installment of a Children's story, written especially for it by a Chicago newspaper man, Sam Clover. A unique feature of this story is that it is to be named by Chicago school children reading.

This, with the "Musical Supplement," a new art feature, makes THE SUNDAY INTER OCEAN a most interesting and welcome visitor for every member of the family.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

Senator Smith (Dem.) of New Jersey, in his speech against the Wilson bill, said: "I have tried to discuss this question without passion or prejudice, but, sir, I say plainly here and now that when the struggle does come, as it seems bound to come if this beginning is made, I, for one, shall be found fighting for my own. Party ties grow weak when they make disregard of one's own convictions and disloyalty to one's own people the test of fealty, and if it is forced upon the country, democrats in the North would cut loose from the democrat party, in which event, he exclaimed, God save the democrat party." It is not worth while to call on the Almighty, and it will have to go, as Saltpeter will not save it.

The democratic party is noted for its partiality for symbols taken from works on ornithology, such as the Rooster, Crow and Cuckoo, and for a change, considering the stubbornness of the party by its action in endorsing the sound policy of the republican party, such as the extinction of slavery, the resumption of specie payment, and the counting of a quorum to expedite business, that they call on the animal kingdom and take for a symbol that much abused and long suffering quadruped called a Jackass. It is noted for its kicking as well as its stubborn propensities and, on account of the party's hatred to anything with a black exterior, will be accepted with greater unanimity than that of the crow or the rooster since the crow in it has been knocked out by the late republican victories.

The unconditional surrender of the Democratic House of Representatives to ex-Speaker Reed is at once one of the greatest personal triumphs of parliamentary history and the vindication of a thoroughly sensible principle of legislative procedure. The great rally cry of the democracy in 1890, and again in 1892, "Down with the 'Czar,' and his intolerable tyranny." Even "McKinleyism" did not excite the animosity that "Reedism" did. With a majority of about one hundred, the democrats thought they were abundantly, with such a parliamentary leader as Speaker Crisp in the Chair, to get on without the Reed rule, and though the heavens should fall, they would never resort to that rule. They held to this defiant position to the very last. Even as late as Thursday of last week, they ran up no flag of truce, proposing, rather, to impose a fine for being present and not voting, a position without the slightest authority in precedent or reason. But, all of a sudden, the surrender came, and was complete and abject.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR THE WEEK CORRESPONDING WITH THE PRESENT—IN THE

History of Grayling.

1881.
Geo. Fauble reports having seen a black deer. J. M. Finn appointed Deputy Clerk and Register of Deeds. On Sunday, the thermometer registered 80° above zero, in the shade. Messrs. Jones and Hopple caught a 35 pound turtle in Portage Lake. J. M. Jones sold his residence to J. and C. W. Harder. Marriage of Lizzie M. Kuck to Jas. B. Buckley.

1882.
O. J. Bell has the misfortune to lose a good cow. Mad dog reported on the streets of Roscommon. Smoke stack of O. Palmer's Planing Mill erected and mill started. Nicholas Shellenbarger presented the AVALANCHE with an egg eight inches in circumference. The Board of Supervisors in session. M. S. Hartwick commenced his new hotel. Chas. M. Fay brought the first organ to town. Social at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Masters. Phil Mosher announces that he has engaged in the milk business. Sawmill of Salling, Hanson & Co. starts up for the season.

1883.
O. J. Bell purchased the village property of R. S. Babbitt. Board of Supervisors in session. Snow fell to depth of an inch or more. Mr. and Mrs. Havens a daughter, and to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Mosher a daughter. Salling, Hanson & Co. made a contract to put in 200,000,000 feet in the Portage Lake. Felling trees and clearing off village lots, the order of the day.

1884.
F. Deekrow building a new house on Chestnut street. Andrew Marsh's new house enclosed. Dr. Woodworth putting lumber on ground for a new house. H. Mantz reports his new steamer on Portage Lake ready for the summer business. Chas. D. Prosser and Melvin Bates left for Redfield, Dakota. S. S. Claggett returned from Jonesville, where he had been to see his girl. J. L. Wild lost a hog and it was found in F. D. Robinson's cellar. Wm. Woodfield arrived from England. J. Harder sold his property to T. E. Hanson. The Board of Supervisors in session. Grayling Improvement Association organized.

1885.
Grand Opening of Joseph & Pink. Revival services at the M. E. church, by Rev. Weir and others. O. Palmer sold his residence on James street to Salling, Hanson & Co. Six inches of snow fell during one night. Rev. Wm. Putnam granted a pension. Board of Supervisors elected T. Hastings, chairman. Make up in form of AVALANCHE changed, causing the local columns to appear on third page.

1886.
John Walker sold his property to Chas. Sage. Residence of Geo. Homer entered by burglars. J. F. Wilcox, of Pere Cheney, moved into Grayling. Rev. J. M. Curtis, of Cheboygan, Episcopalian, preached at the Opera House.

1887.
Organization of County Agricultural Society. Skating rink closed and made into a warehouse. Sudden death of Martin Christenson. A. Cross opened a blacksmith shop. J. S. Harrington's new house completed. Arthur Brink and Bert Wisner razed in School Section Lake. Dr. Woodworth completed his house in Roffee's addition. H. Mantz & Co. commenced the erection of an addition to the Central Hotel. Farmer's Club organized at Cheney.

1888.
Thos. Wakeley elected chairman Board of Supervisors. F. R. Deekrow engages in the business of driving wells, etc. Rumor of a Finnish paper to be started in Grayling. J. M. Finnish. Will Wheeler injured by the slab saw in the mill of S. H. & Co. Melvin Bates commenced the erection of a residence. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Salling leave for a visit in the East and with their friends in Denmark. J. O. Hadley played his third addition to Grayling. The records of the Land Office arrived and put in the new quarters at the Opera House. Joseph Charron opened his new Livery Stable. Arthur Brink accepted a position in the store of C. M. W. Blakelee.

1889.
The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wainwright died after a short illness. Henry Hill built an addition to his residence. R. P. Forbes commenced the erection of a residence on Michigan Avenue. Some "Yahoo" borrowed the Monkey Wrench of the AVALANCHE office and forgot to return it. Smith's Colored Jubilee Singers gave an entertainment at the M. E. church.

1890.
General observance of Arbor Day. Peter Strobach killed in S. H. & Co.'s camp. Woman's Home Missionary Society organized at the M. E. church. Chas. Ingerson began lumbering for Pack, Woods & Co. Marius Hanson has the mumps.

1891.
J. M. Finn sold his store to O. Johnson. F. Gates took possession of the Grayling House. "Fatty" Squires sent up for one year. Organization of Lodge of Foresters. J. W. Hartwick and S. E. Odell started for Montana.



The Evening News,

"The Great Daily of Michigan."

YOUR HOME PAPER

cannot be replaced by even greater publications from larger cities; they cannot supply completely the many items of home news that are of the greatest interest, but for State, National, and world wide news, the greater paper must be looked to. The Detroit Evening News stands as the leader in the State, and should go hand in hand with your home paper.

2 CENTS PER COPY.
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Agencies in every village, town and city in the State of Michigan.

BURNT OUT, BUT STILL IN THE RING!!

GENTS, now is your time to GET YOUR SPRING & SUMMER SUITINGS!

I have a full line of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS Which I am making up in the best style, I employ First Class hands, and therefore do first-class work. I do not rush my work, but take time to do it, so as to satisfy my customers.

The citizens of Grayling and vicinity, are requested to call at my rooms in the rear of the EXCHANGE BANK, and examine my Stock.



THE AMERICAN STANDARD CORN OR BEAN PLANTER.

—PRICE \$3.00.—

A HIGH GRADE IMPLEMENT and the ONLY PLANTER CONTAINING AN ADJUSTABLE METALLIC DROPPING DISC.

It is constructed upon a new and thoroughly practical principle, is made for service, and cannot fail to satisfy any one desiring a superior and first class CORN OR BEAN PLANTER. By the use of the adjustable metallic disc, a new improved method is formed in the dropping mechanism, WHICH IS A DECIDED ADVANCE over all OTHER PLANTERS.

The new improved combination produces substantially a force feed; the disc is quickly adjusted for heavy or light seedling, and the corn is separated with perfect uniformity. They are most well finished and symmetrical in their proportion. These planters are meeting with universal approval, and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM CLAIM THEY HAVE NO COMPETITOR. Every PLANTER is guaranteed to give SATISFACTION. Call and see them.

Grayling, Michigan.

O. PALMER.

1892.
Potatoes selling for 12 cents a bushel. L. H. Chamberlain, Assistant Train Dispatcher M. C. R. R., is located here. H. Joseph sold out to Rosenthal Bros. Mill started for the season, to run night and day.

1893.
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Oaks, a son. W. S. Chalker commissioned County Agent of the Board of Corrections and Charities. J. M. Jones purchased O. J. Bell's store. T. E. Hastings, non est, with \$1,800 of the funds of Beaver Creek.

We will furnish the New York Weekly Tribune to our subscribers for 30 cents per year, on payment of their subscription to the AVALANCHE.

"The letter p reversed is d. Oh, transformation simple. I wish I thus could make," cried she, "A dimple of my pimple!"

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. FOURNIER, Druggist.

"What's the use to holler When fortune doesn't please? Just think you've got a dollar And jingle all your keys!"

Cure for Headache.
As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tonic to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at L. FOURNIER'S Drug Store.

Thirty-two of our present United States Senators will retire, unless re-elected, on March 4th, 1895. No wonder democratic Senators are feeling solemn. The elections influenced by the Wilson bill have already given the bulk of them notice that the places which know them now will know them no more when the idea of March, 1895, are reached.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Guaranteed Cure.
We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's Drug Store. Large size 50c and \$1.00.

The Monitor says AnSable will have but four saloons this summer. Ten years ago, the place had 28.

What New Jersey said on Tuesday is merely an echo of what Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota, Colorado, and California have said in the last half year. No more emphatic verdict was ever pronounced upon proposed legislation than this verdict upon the Wilson bill. But Congress is just idiotic enough to disregard it.—Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.

The Chicago Mail has instituted a new departure. It is printing its edition on pink paper for the reason, it claims, that the dead white of ordinary newspapers is injurious to the eye. The Mail has consulted several oculists who endorse the use of lightly tinted paper for newspapers. The idea is not wholly a new one, however, as many papers have offered the tint idea in the past, for reasons suited to themselves. The Lansing Republican has for years used a cream tinted paper, which on aesthetic grounds is preferable to pink. The Toledo Sunday Journal has also used the pink tone. The prevailing cast of the democratic press of the country to-day is blue.—Exchange.

\$5,000 REWARD!

THE SHERIFF will please arrest every person suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Salt Rheum and all Blood and Liver diseases and take them to the drug store of either Harry Evans or Lorraine & Fournier and compel them to buy a bottle of Australian Blood Purifier, as that is the latest and greatest known Blood Purifier. It never fails to restore your health when used according to directions. If you are troubled with Catarrh, try Lorraine's Australian Catarrh Cure. Physicians should prescribe the above remedies, as they are 50 years ahead of all others. We guarantee a cure or money refunded.

GREAT AUSTRALIAN MEDICINE CO.,
FREET 1, 7-1
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Wheeler's Heart Cure

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—Positively Cures—

HEART DISEASE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,

Sleeplessness and all derangements of the Nervous System.

UNEXCELLED FOR INFANTS!

A Blessed Balm For Tired Mothers and Restless Babies.

Purely Vegetable. Guaranteed free from OPIATES.

100 Full Size Doses, 50 Cts.

Rev. R. Middleton, Pastor M. E. Church, Cedar Springs, Mich., says: "Sleep and rest were strangers to me after preaching till I used 'Adironda.' Now I sleep soundly and awake refreshed and can heartily recommend it." Prepared by WHEELER & FULLER MEDICAL CO., Cedar Springs, Mich. SOLD BY L. FOURNIER, Druggist, Grayling, Michigan. May 26/94

\$65.

SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS and Fifty-Nine Cents is what it will cost you to PAINT a House whose external surface measures Twenty-five Hundred Square Feet. Of course, a larger HOUSE will take more paint and a smaller one less, but the price ranges accordingly. In order to obtain this remarkable result, you will have to buy your paint at FURNIER'S DRUG STORE.

\$65.

UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



AT BRADEN & FORBE'S FURNITURE ROOMS! WILL be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASKETS and BURIAL CASES; Ladies' Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good HEARSE will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpses.

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Also a full line of Stationery, School Tablets, &c., &c.

LOOK, NOT MERELY CHEAP, BUT TREMENDOUS UNDER PRICE.

We are always the first to announce a out in prices, and we always furnish exactly what we advertise.

Commencing Saturday, April 1st, 1894.

100 pieces Windsor prints, satine finish, regular price 8c for 6 1-2. 500 yards Imperial Challies, regular price 9c, for 5c. 1000 yards Golden Fleece Dress Goods, regular price 15c, for 9 1-2. 1000 yards Amoskeag Dress Gingham, regular price 10c, for 8 1-2. 500 yards Hop Sacking Dress Goods, regular price 35c, for 23c. Ladies' Kid Gloves, regular price 125c, for 99c. Unbleached Cotton, do do 7c, for 5c. 4-4 Bleached do do do 9c, for 6 1-2. T. Oil Cloth, do do 25c, for 17 1-2. Ladies' Gauze Ribbed Jersey Vest, regular price 50c, for 29c. Ladies' Fine Egyptian Vest Embroidery, regular price 65c, for 39. 3000 yards Am. Shirting, regular price 8c, for 4c.

Also CLOTHING,

GENTS & LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS and BOOTS AND SHOES will be placed on this sale at a half price. Now is the time to buy your Spring and Summer Goods, where you can save from 25 to 40 cents on the dollar.

R. MEYER & CO.
Conner Building, Grayling, Mich

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c.

Grayling, Michigan, April 18, '94.

I shall carry this year a larger stock of Wagons, Carriages, Plows, Harrows, Drills, Reapers, Mowers, Cultivators, Planters, &c., than was ever before shown in Northern Michigan, and can make prices to suit the times. I believe I know the needs of this section and am prepared to supply them. Call and examine the most improved implements on the market.

O. PALMER.

are proud to say,
 all the ladies
 pretty, well made
 DESIGNS.
 and you can buy
 ing. Ask to see
 astonish you.

LADIES SKIRT
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colors, Cream Eo-
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C. A. SNOW & CO.,
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Non-pull-out

is an arbitrary word used to designate the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the watch.



Here's the idea

The bow has a groove on each end. A collar runs down inside the pendant (stem) and fits into the grooves, thus firmly locking the bow to the pendant, so that it cannot be pulled or twisted off.

It positively prevents the loss of the watch by theft, and avoids injury to it from dropping.

IT CAN ONLY BE HAD WITH
 JAS. BOSS FILLED or other watch cases containing the "Non-pull-out" bow.

All watch dealers sell them without extra cost. A watch case owner will be sent free to any one by the manufacturers.

Keystone Watch Case Co.,
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Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Benjamin Webb, of Frederic, Crawford County, Me., to George McEae, dated December 6, A. D. 1892, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Crawford, State of Maine, in Book of Mortgages, No. 1, page 17, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of Fifty-seven dollars and twenty-nine cents, and of one dollar and ten cents for the interest thereon, the undersigned, as attorney-in-fact for the said mortgagee, has caused notice of the same to be published in the village of Frederic, in the place where the Court for Crawford County is holden, the said premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with 3 per cent. interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of twenty dollars covenanted in the said mortgage, as aforesaid, being described in said mortgage as all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situated in the village of Frederic, in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows: A lot bounded on the East by the land of John Q. Putnam, north by Forest Street, west by land of James O'Neil and south by quarter line. All in township twenty eight (28) north of Range four (4) west, on section thirty five (35).

Dated, April 24, 1894. **LUCY McRAE,**
 O. PALMER, **McRae,**
 Attorney for Mortgagee.

April 26, 19.

Gunsmith Shop.

WILL open up the old blacksmith shop near the bridge, where I will make and repair guns and do other mechanical work in my line. Repairing of machinery a specialty. Terms reasonable. Give me a call.

H. B. WILLIAMS.
 Aug. 18th, '87.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.
 The cream of the country papers is found in Remington's County Seat List. Thousands of advertisers avail themselves of these lists, and a copy of which can be had of Remington's.

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

CREMATING THE DEAD

IS NOW AN EVERY-DAY AFFAIR
IN AMERICA.

There Are Sixteen Cremation Societies in
This Country—The Process of Cremation
—Rules Governing the Operation—\$300
in Twelve Years.

Incineration Is Popular.

Some months ago there died in New York a romantic German who bequeathed his body to the flames and his ashes to the winds. To heighten the effect he ordered that his incinerated remains be scattered to the breeze from the top of the Liberty statue. His requests were followed, and his ashes found a resting place in every clime, carried on the decks of vessels, and on the waves of the Atlantic like a ghostly messenger to all the points of the compass.

The incident created but a passing notice, for cremation has become an

interesting thing at Fresh Pond, L. I., doing as follows: Each application must be made by the person having charge of the disposal of the body or his representative; a blank form prepared by the company must be filled out, and filed in the office of the company. On the filling out of this application blank, payment of the incineration fee, and the presentation of the physician's certificate stating time, place, and cause of death, an order directing the incineration is given the applicant. To this order the undertaker in charge of the body must have attached the customary certificate of the Board of Health. Every incineration must be attended by some relatives of the deceased or representatives of the family. The price of incineration is \$35. This does not include transportation or undertaker's services. Children under 10 years of age are cremated for \$25. No special preparation of the body or clothing is necessary. The body is always incinerated in the clothing as received. The coffin in which the body is carried to the crematory is never allowed to be removed from the building, but is burned with the body. In every instance of death from contagious disease no exposure of the body is permitted. Incineration may be as private as the friends of the deceased desire. On the day following the in-



MADLINE POLLARD.

Awarded \$15,000 by the Jury in the Pollard-Breckinridge Breach of Promise Case.

WILL BUILD A ONE-TRACK ROAD.

A Buffalo Man's Scheme for Traveling 150 Miles an Hour by Electricity.

Before long, unless present plans fall through, work will begin upon a western New York Railroad of novel and curious design. On this new road, according to the plans of the projectors, passengers will be whirled across the country at the rate of 150 miles an hour if necessary, carried high up in the air in long, slender cars driven along a single rail by electric power. This first of the elevated railways will run from Oak Orchard Harbor to Batavia, a distance of forty miles, according to the route laid out. Of this route, the right of way for three and one-half miles has been secured. The inventor, Captain Lina Beecher, of Buffalo, says the Express, claims that the advantages of elevated roads are many. The cost of operation is cheaper, there are no dangerous grade crossings, snow and dust are equally out of the way, no grading, ditching and fencing is necessary, and a high rate of speed can be maintained in city and country alike. According to the Beecher system, he says that the farmer can plow, sow, reap, and even pick fruit under the line. It is proposed to make the elevated structure light and narrow, so as to occupy very little ground. The passenger cars are to be about 45 feet long and 34 feet wide, carrying forty passengers apiece. These long and narrow cars will encounter very little atmospheric resistance, says Captain Beecher, and will cut the air like a bird. The entrance to the cars is at the side. The coaches are made on the bicycle principle, and it is stated that in motion they will balance themselves on the center of traction wheels, while the safety or guide wheels at the side will not touch the guide rails, thus causing little friction. The cars are expected to round the sharpest curves at high speed with safety, and climb the steepest grade with ease. The motive power is to be storage batteries, and there will be no danger from sparks. The weight of a passenger car carrying forty passengers, with batteries and electric motor, will be only about 200 pounds per passenger, says the inventor. This elevated Batavia and Lake Ontario Railroad is to be built by a company incorporated with a capital of \$600,000. Captain Beecher is president of the company and J. W. Holmes, of Batavia, is chief engineer.

Opening a Bank Account. It is not necessary to be possessed of a vast sum of money to open an account with the largest of banks, writes Walter H. Barrett, in a practical article giving directions and advice concerning women's bank accounts, in the Ladies' Home Journal. Two hundred dollars is ample. In case of lack of personal acquaintances, a letter of introduction to the bank president or cashier is a first requisite. Banks are usually open for business with customers between the hours of 10 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, so that it will be well to call upon the officers with your letter of introduction during those hours. You will be asked to enter your name, address, and reference in the "identification" book, and in subscribing your autograph you should do so precisely as you intend to write it on the checks. This is necessary, because the signature in the book is for comparison in case a question of forgery should arise. These preliminaries over, the first deposit, either in bills, check, or draft, may be made. The amount of the deposit must be written on a "deposit slip" to be handed with the money to the receiving teller. A passbook, showing the amount to the deposit-

or's credit, a check-book, and a number of deposit slips will be supplied by the bank, and with these formalities are over.

Chinese Peers.

When, on the death of a Chinese peer, an imperial decree has been obtained nominating his successor, it does not follow that that successor can at once assume the title and draw his pay. On the contrary, he is required first of all to go into mourning for his father, grandfather, or uncle, as the case may be. If he is a Manchurian he can get this over in a hundred days; for the Manchus were a practical folk, and, though they yielded something to Chinese prejudices, would not yield too much—but if he is a Chinaman he must mourn for twenty-seven months. This was the cause why the late Marquis Tseng did not, though his father died in 1872, take up the title until September, 1874, when he was again called into a second twenty-seven months' mourning for his mother. His mourning over, the new peer should go to court and be presented to the Emperor. There are, apparently, no succession fees, though the officials of the board concerned—the Home Office and the Horse Guards of China—contrive to exact fees on the first issue of a patent. These patents should be made of the best white silk, and on them should be printed a copy of the decree granting the title.

Rough on the Wife.

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre asked very meekly: "While the safety or guide wheels at the side will not touch the guide rails, thus causing little friction. The cars are expected to round the sharpest curves at high speed with safety, and climb the steepest grade with ease. The motive power is to be storage batteries, and there will be no danger from sparks. The weight of a passenger car carrying forty passengers, with batteries and electric motor, will be only about 200 pounds per passenger, says the inventor. This elevated Batavia and Lake Ontario Railroad is to be built by a company incorporated with a capital of \$600,000. Captain Beecher is president of the company and J. W. Holmes, of Batavia, is chief engineer."

Persian Women.

Persian women are said to be unusually bright and shrewd, as well as very beautiful, with dark, flashing eyes, and gentle, graceful manners. They are naturally active-minded, with a strongly poetic temperament, and a liking for art, letters, and politics when they can get at them. The Persian woman has greater power with her men folk than any other Oriental woman, and in most affairs of importance her influence may be distinctly traced. She is permitted to enter trades on her own account, to possess independent property, to appear as a witness in court, and is responsible for her own debts, and in divorce has a right to her children. In theory, then, the fair Persian is well off; but, practically, her place is insecure, owing to the insecurity of life and property in all phases of Persian existence.

Turtles.

It is no usual thing for a turtle to lay as many as one hundred and twenty-five eggs, although from sixty to one hundred eggs is a more usual "lay."

CAUSE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA DISPENSARY WAR.



"PAPA FLEUTELQ," MISER.

A French Millionaire Who Begged in the Streets and Died in Fifth.

A miser of the story-book type died a few weeks ago in Auxerre, France. Although he never had wife or children he was known to all persons in the city as "Papa Fleutelot." He had been a public figure for a generation and could be seen daily, in storm or sunshine, tottering in his rags through the streets to gather odd bits of coal and wood and cigar stumps. When he began his work in the city there were the usual rumors that he was rich and miserly, but they were soon dispelled by the alms he gave and the way in which he lived, and by his importunity in begging.

Papa Fleutelot died in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried in the potter's field. The French police, who suspect everything, still suspected the old man's pretense of poverty, despite the recent shifting of public opinion, and they searched the hut in which he had lived and died. Filth was ankle deep upstairs and knee deep in the cellar. The first search was rewarded only with the discovery of 400 bottles of Bordeaux, vintage of 1790. The second search, however, revealed a hole in the cellar wall behind a pile of indescribable dirt. From this hole the police dragged a chest, and in the chest they found the treasure. From top to bottom it was stuffed full with mortgages, government bonds, shares in stock companies, and title deeds. All showed the kennesis of Papa Fleutelot, in investing his savings, for without exception the securities were of the highest class. Their face value was 1,000,000 francs, but as many of the bonds and stocks are above par, they can be sold for a much larger sum.

For more than eleven years the old man had neglected to clip his coupons. He had let them accumulate until they represented a market value of 140,000 francs.

Among the many pieces of real estate whose ownership was revealed by the contents of the chest is a large tract of land near Villeneuve-sur-Yonne. On this land there are 400 acres of fine forest, and several buildings of the ancient inextinguishable make. It had been more than forty years since anybody at Villeneuve knew who owned the estate. When Papa Fleutelot died in his hut, but twenty-centimes, or less than five cents, was his total cash capital. As was expected, the usual number of heirs have appeared since the old man's body was buried in the potter's field. They affect to believe that still more treasure is concealed in his hut, and they are taking it down piece by piece in the hope of enriching themselves.

MAJ. GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

The Man Who Succeeded Maj. Gen. Howard in the East.

The American people know Gen. Miles pretty well. The soldier boy know him better. He is the greatest Indian fighter on record, and he will succeed Gen. Howard as commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters on Governor's Island. In 1861 he entered the army as the First Lieutenant of a Massachusetts company, being then 22 years of age. Four years later he was the possessor of a brevet major general's commission and three bullet wounds. He is not a West-Pointer. His book knowledge of war was gained in his tent by the light of a candle after the other officers were in bed. The rest he learned at the cannon's mouth.

While his opinion of the Indian may not be so severe as that of the Indian fighter who said that the only good Indian is a dead one, he has never given the American aborigine the credit of having Quakerish virtues, says the New York World. The Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, in 1870, were the first to meet him.



MAJ. GEN. MILES.

and, with the exception of one or two inconsequential outbreaks, they have been a well-behaved lot ever since. After the massacre of Custer, Crook and Terry retreated from the triumphant Sitting Bull, and left Gen. Miles to remain quiet and keep a lookout. But, instead, Gen. Miles started in pursuit of Sitting Bull, and in two feet of snow met the wily old warrior and scattered his band. Because of his hardihood the Indians dubbed Gen. Miles "Bear Coat," and by this name he has since been known among the Sioux. When he overtook and captured Joseph and the Nez Percés he had to march 5,000 miles to do it, but his troops followed him willingly. Joseph was the smartest of modern Indians. He complimented Gen. Miles at their first meeting by saying no one else could have conquered him. In that campaign 7,000 redskins were subjugated or killed.

Everybody remembers how Gen. Miles coopered up the pacific, General. He led his men for weeks over rocky mountain sides and across barren stretches of sand under a broiling sun, clad in nothing but their underclothes. Veterans of the English wars in Africa and India have declared that they had never seen the equal of that expedition. In the Southwest Gen. Miles' name is a synonym for bravery.

Faggot Parties.

Faggot parties are a new entertainment in Tucson, Arizona Territory. Each invited guest brings a stick of wood and burns it in the fireplace while he tells a story. All the wood that is left over goes into the family wood pile.

ANARCHY CAN NEVER TRAVEL HAND IN HAND WITH GOOD GOVERNMENT.

ELECTRIC ROAD CARRIAGE.

A Successful Machine Now Being Operated at the Hotel.

Mr. Henry P. du Bell, United States Consul at Rheims, describes in a recent report a new electric road carriage which is being successfully operated in that city. The carriage is that of Mr. Paul Pouchain, of Armentieres, Department of Nord, France, and it is considered as the solution of the problem studied for many years by the French electricians.

"This carriage," says the Consul, "is a six-place phaeton built on four wheels. All its upper part is movable, so as to facilitate the inspection and care of the condensers and electric motor. The electric current is furnished by a battery of condensors 'Dujardin' composed of six boxes of nine elements, or altogether fifty-four



AN ELECTRIC PHAETON.

elements. Each box is 44 centimeters (17 inches) in length, 33 centimeters (14 inches) in width, and 31 centimeters (12.5 inches) in height. Each element contains one positive and two negative sheets enclosed in a box of ebonite. The nine elements are coupled together in tension and always in the same manner. The commutator, made out of bronze, is a cylinder in the shape of a dodecahedron, on ten sides of which are placed pieces of copper electrically insulated from the body of the commutator and connected together in a permanent manner. In using a lever the commutator turns and can be placed in five different positions establishing contacts between the pieces of copper and fourteen elastic jaws communicating through twelve wires to six batteries and through two wires to the motor.

The motor is of the system 'Recheniusky,' of a normal energy of 2,000 watts, able, when necessary, to develop as much more. It is placed in the center of the carriage, and by the means of a Vaucanson (endless) chain, puts in motion a shaft revolving on the system of differential motion.

Over the back wheels are placed four batteries of accumulators or condensors, the motor and the differential system controlling the wheels; under the front seat are the two other batteries, a commutator coupler, and a tool box. On the dashboard is an electrometer, a disconnector, an interrupter of the lights placed in the three lanterns and an interverter to back the carriage. Under the vehicle are found soft wires, which can be connected with a stationary dynamo for the purpose of reloading the batteries. The mechanism for guiding the carriage is applied to the fore part of the carriage, to which is added a screw wheel put in motion by an endless screw ending under the hand of the driver and of very easy management.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD.

The Inventor of the Famous Elixir Succumbis to Death.

The famous physician, Dr. Charles Edward Brown-Sequard, died in Paris, recently, of congestion of the brain, aged 76.

Dr. Brown-Sequard was an expert physiologist and made several valuable discoveries in nervous disorders, but it was as the originator of an elixir believed to possess extraordinary powers that he was best known in this country.

It was in 1859 that Dr. Brown-Sequard announced he had discovered a medicine which would greatly strengthen man both physically and mentally. French physicians received his claims with great coldness; but in this country most wonderful properties were attributed to the elixir, and greater by far than were claimed by the author. Eventually, however, a reaction occurred, and American physicians came to much the same conclusion as their Parisian brethren, and at Dr. Brown-Sequard's death probably no reputable physician had much faith in his wonderful elixir. Besides his work in connection with nervous diseases Dr. Brown-Sequard also studied the subject of transfusion of blood, and made several successful and valuable experiments. Apart from his elixir he was a brilliant and remarkable physician, and one who has added much to the total of human knowledge in this department of study.

An Illustration.

A well-known English diplomatist, while calling upon Prince Bismarck some time ago, asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company.

"Oh," replied the Chancellor, "I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees that they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in at the door, and said:

"Oto, you must come and take your medicine; you ought to have had it ten minutes ago."

The diplomatist had not till then had any idea that his room could be more welcome than his company.

A New Jersey court has fined a man \$10 for winking at a girl, while a more humane judge in Holland discharged a man arrested for having violently kissed a girl, declaring that a kiss was a token of admiration, and esteem and the kiss could not properly ask for damages. And yet people call these United States the land of liberty.

ABOUT SLEEP.

Nerve Tissues Are Best Repaired by Short and Frequent Sleeps.

If I mistake not, Sir James Crich-ton Browne, in the course of a recent address, remarked upon the curious slowness of our brain as regards sleep. He cited the case of people who rarely slept well or much, and who, nevertheless, were able to carry on intellectual work with ease and ability. I suppose there is a "habit" of brain in the question of sleep as in other respects, and while, ordinarily, we demand a fair quantum of absolute rest, some of us contrive, as a habit, to get along with a minimum of somnolent repose. This subject was lately recalled to mind when I happened to be dining alone with a well-known surgeon in busy practice. My friend is a man who, like myself, jerries over the length and breadth of the land. He had just returned from a long and tedious journey, tired and fagged. He sat down to dinner. Between the courses he fell sound asleep, let us say three minutes—not more, certainly. After each nap he woke up, ate his quantum, and went off again into slumber. I said nothing, but watched him closely. I observed that each awakening he grew brighter, the tired look disappeared, and by the time dinner was at an end Richard was himself again. I joked him on his installments of sleep. His reply was characteristic.

"Don't you know," said he, "that it isn't a long sleep that is needed to refresh an active brain? Nerve tissue is repaired easily with very little sleep if you also take food."

Of my own experience the remark holds good; and it reveals a very curious and, in some respects, anomalous condition of the brain and its ways.

A Tip to the Thief.

The smallest incident, which, to most people, seems too insignificant to notice, has often caused the capture of a criminal or the detection of a plot. All things are important to certain people. A man tried his door the other day to see whether it was locked, and caused a crime.

He and his wife were preparing to go to the theater. There was nobody else in the house. His wife glanced out of the window and saw a man standing in the shadow of a tree across the street. She thought nothing of it at the time. As they were leaving the house the husband clicked the latch of the door, as usual. As they walked up the woman's eye again fell upon the motionless form in the shadow of the tree.

"Did you lock the door when you came out?" she asked of her husband.

"I suppose so. I always do," he said.

"Hadm't you better make sure, dear?"

"Oh, I am sure. It's all right." "But won't you go back and see? I'm afraid you didn't, and I'd like to be certain about it."

So he walked back and tried the door. Of course it was locked, but his wife's anxiety was relieved.

That simple act cost him a great deal. The man across the street had not contemplated robbing that house before, for he didn't know whether any person was at home or not. When the person who lived there went back to try the door it satisfied him that no one was in it. He crept back the alleyway, pried open a rear window and helped himself to the contents of the silver closet. And he wouldn't have done it except for that trifling, natural incident that told him so much. — Philadelphia Press.

The Retired Burglar.

"Dear me," said the retired burglar, "I don't know when I have seen anything so unprofessional."

He was comfortably seated in a variety theater, says the New York Sun. The turn then on was performed by two men, a good father and a wicked son. It appears that the son had robbed the father and run away, and he had come back now to crack the old man's safe for a bigger stake. When the burglar came in upon the darkened stage he looked everywhere, except where it stood, for the safe, which was in plain view of the audience, but at last his eye fell upon it. Then to the amazement of the retired burglar instead of proceeding quickly and quietly to rob the safe, the stage burglar, having located it, turned to the footlights, and announced that he would sing a song. He had an excellent voice, but his singing disturbed the retired burglar greatly.

"Dreadful! dreadful!" he said. "Think of the time he's wasting, to say nothing of the danger of waking up everybody in the house. Look at that! There's the old man now."

So it was. He came in at the rear of the stage just as the son, who had finished his song, had begun on the safe. There was a grapple, and a grand rattle. The old man came out on top. A reconciliation followed. Now here was an instance where stopping to sing a song had been attended by the most happy results.

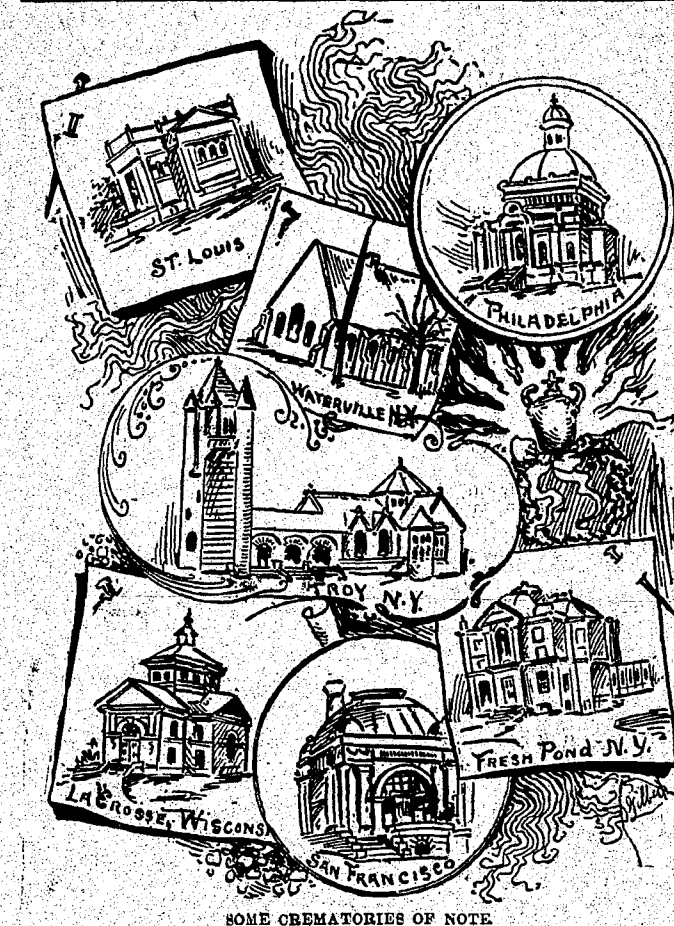
"Can't help it," said the retired burglar, "it wouldn't happen so once in a million times."

Fishing.

Fishing for sponges in the Mediterranean is done chiefly by divers, though inferior kinds are got with a trawl. The finest divers are the Greeks, who go for the purpose all over the Mediterranean in their native boats. The industry is very arduous and even dangerous. An average hand can manage twenty fathoms (one hundred and twenty feet), but it takes an exceptionally good man to go down thirty fathoms (one hundred and eighty feet), and thirty-three fathoms is the limit. The pressure of the water at this depth is so great that, in spite of the protection afforded by the dress, some two or three per cent of the sponge-fishers die annually from the direct effects of the strain.

According to Secretary Lamont, there are no more Indians to fight. Here ends another avenue of industry, for with no Indians to fight what is to become of the boys who run away after a full course of dime-novel reading?

If the dynamite fever doesn't die out in Carrara that province will soon need all the product of its famous marble quarries for its "motorists."



SOME CREMATORIES OF NOTE.

every-day affair with us. Since 1885, when five bodies were incinerated at Fresh Pond, L. I., over 1,000 cremations have taken place there, and of these the Germans claim at least 600. From 1881 to 1894 the cremations in America number almost 3,000, and to-day there are in this country sixteen incorporated cremation societies, with crematories at Fresh Pond, L. I., at Detroit, at Roxbury, Mass., at St. Louis, at Los Angeles, at San Francisco, at La Crosse, at Baltimore, at Pittsburgh, at Troy, at Waterville, N. Y., at Germantown, at Buffalo, and at Cincinnati.

Cremation as practiced by the ancients was literally a burning of the body, after being placed on a pyre of wood or other combustible materials. Cremation of the present day is really an incineration, and not a burning of the body in an ordinary sense of the word, burning, but a reduction of the body in a spacious closed retort, under the influence of superheated oxygen, which, at a very high temperature, unites chemically with the carbonaceous elements of the body, with no flame contact whatever, like the snow in the genial warmth of the sunshine.

Process of Cremation.

The funeral cortege arrives at the chapel, where the services are held. The body is placed on the catafalque, which is surrounded by an ornamental brass railing. After the services are completed the catafalque, with the body, descends by means of an elevator to the crematory below.

Before the coffin has entirely disappeared from view a black pall is drawn over the railing. After the body has reached the crematory, the coffin, without disturbing the body, is placed on a light traveler, which rests on the top of a long carriage or table with wheels that fit to a track leading to the retort.

The coffin is then covered or enveloped with a white cloth that has been saturated in a solution of alum. This is done to prevent any part of the coffin igniting while it is being placed in the retort. The retort door is opened, and the coffin, with the body, is then moved into it by means of the traveler and table. The table is withdrawn, the door is closed and tightened, so that no air can enter the retort or none of the gases escape. All is done quickly and in harmony with the solemnity of the occasion. The process of distillation begins. First, the gases of the wood of the coffin crumble, and finally the body.

In about three hours the coffin is reduced to charcoal and the body to white ashes. When the ashes are removed from the retort the charcoal is separated from the ashes, and the ashes are then placed in a temporary receptacle until final disposition of the remains is determined on by the relatives of the deceased.

One curious inconsistency has developed in the agitation for cremation of the dead. A host of great men and women have declared themselves unequivocally in its favor, but at death few have left directions for incineration. Among those who were outspoken in their views were George William Curtis and Prof. Joseph Leidy. Of these only the last-named was at his own request incinerated, the services taking place May 5, 1891.

Rules Governing the Operation.

The rules governing cremation are

incineration the ashes are deliverable at the office in a receptacle provided by it.

Among recently compiled statistics concerning cremation, those of Fresh Pond, L. I., have a particular interest in that they give the nationalities of the incinerated.

The following birthplaces were given for 1,038 bodies cremated there: Germany, 526; United States, 347; England, 37; Austria, 22; Switzerland, 22; France, 21; Hungary, 10; Ireland, 10; Italy, 8; Denmark, 6; Russia, 3; Scotland, 4; Belgium, 3; Holland, 4; India, 4; Cuba, 3; Australia, 2; Canada, 2; West Indies, 1; Asia Minor, 1; on Mediterranean, 1; unknown, 1. Classified as to sex and age they were: Men, 674; boys, 56; women, 275; girls, 33.

In San Francisco from Nov. 12, 1893, when the crematory was put in operation, to February, 1894, 59 bodies have been incinerated.

In St. Louis the cremations last year numbered 62.

Philadelphia has a record of 68 cremations in 1893.

Punished a Masher.

An Italian, who had a pair of shiny black eyes and was excessively vain of them, permitted himself, in a peculiarly outrageous manner, to insult a defenseless young Englishwoman who had recently lost her husband. An American painter slapped his face and received his challenge. In the art of fence the American was a proficient, and, as swords were chosen, I asked him (writes Henry Harland, in the Idler) on the night before the meeting what he was going to do with the little beast. "Not kill him," "Oh, no, I shan't kill him. I don't want to soil my hands with his dirty little life. I think I'll just put out one of his handsome black eyes." The next morning, in a wood near Viroflay, the men crossed their swords, made a few feints and passes, and then, before they had been at it a full half-minute, the Italian gave a scream. Surely enough, the American had plucked him in the eye.

It Worked.

One of the popular English authors of the day was wholly incapacitated from work by a lady who lived next door and stammered through Handel's "Messiah." The "lady" of the inviolability of an "Englishman's house" did not allow him to send in any message, and he was at his wife's end till he saw in a daily paper that steam-whistles could be brought to fit on to kettle-spouts. He provided himself with one, and put the kettle on the fire in the room nearest the singer. As soon as the whistle began, he went out. Of course this bottom came off the kettle, but it cost little to solder it on again, and after two or three solderings the lady took the hint.

There would not be so much rheumatism did men take vigorous exercise. In other words, as a specific for rheumatism a horsechestnut cannot begin to compete with a chestnut horse.

A LONDON surgeon has fastened the breast of a blackbird to a woman's face as a substitute for her nose. She must be a "bird" now.

She Said: Let's Try Hood's And It Helped Them Both

Liver Troubles—Dyspepsia 20 Years



"I, Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Gentlemen—My husband and I have been
taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I can truly say
that it has helped us both. My husband had
Lumbago Rheumatism

so that he could not stand up straight, and
went around half bent over. He had to have a
cane to help himself out of his chair. He had
taken so much medicine that we were discouraged.
But I read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla
that I said, 'Let's try it.' My husband has im-
proved a great deal. His back is much better
and his eyes, which have troubled him a great
deal, also seem better. Hood's Sarsaparilla has
given him a good appetite. I have had liver

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

trouble and dyspepsia 20 years, but since I have
been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla my liver is bet-
ter, and I also have a good appetite. My com-
plexion is also much improved. We have only
taken four bottles, and are well pleased with it.
MR. AND MRS. JAMES COX, Centerville, Wis.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet
gentle in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

The Ozar's Court. The court of the Czars of Russia, says
one of the St. Petersburg papers, con-
sists of one chief chamberlain, five
chief court-masters, one chief hunt-
master, one chief count marshal, one
chief chamberlain, thirty-five court
masters, seventeen stable masters, six
hunting masters, one director of the
imperial theaters, two chief masters of
ceremonies, eight assistant hunting
masters, nine assistant masters of cere-
monies, 173 chamberlains, 249 assistant
chamberlains, twenty-four court phy-
sicians, twenty-three court priests, ten
ladies-in-waiting, four ladies of the
bedchamber, and 180 assistant ladies-
in-waiting. It is well that the Czars are
one of the wealthiest men in the world,
as the list is rather a long one to sup-
port.

War in a For

After the invention of smokeless gun-
powder, it became necessary to take
something else to take its place, and
this has been done; but with the effect
that the smoke turns to the advantage
of our troops, while it proves disas-
trous to the enemy. In short, Prof.
Paul Riehm has invented a fog ball,
which on being fired at the enemy
produces a fog before which that of
London may "hide its diminished
head." Prof. Riehm fills his wonder-
ful projectile with ammonia, combined
with certain other acids, which, on
bursting, produces by chemical means
a dense fog, which (provided there is
no wind) envelops the enemy a suf-
ficient length of time to make him lose
his bearings and the battle into the
bargain.—Glorious de Vaigri.

Some Salty Statistics

The 11,435,437 barrels of salt
produced in the United States in the
year 1893, as against 11,755,735 barrels
in 1892, a falling off of 250,000 barrels.
Each barrel weighed 28 pounds, mak-
ing a total of 3,201,956,660 pounds. In
addition to this there were importations
of 391,966,567 pounds, so that this
country counteracted the effects of the
enormous quantities of sugar used by
making way with 3,593,923,227 pounds,
or about 1,798,951 tons of salt.

Manchester Canal's Cost in Lives

The number of workmen killed dur-
ing the construction of the Manchester
canal was 154. The number of laborers
classed as permanently injured is
181. The record of men temporarily
disabled or suffering from minor ac-
cidents contains 1,404 names.

"THE BOWERY" takes its name

from the fact that it follows the course of
a country road which ran from the city
out to the farms or boweries on the
northern outskirts of New York City.

The highest death-rates per thou-

sand inhabitants are found in Dublin,
New Orleans, Rheims and New York
City.

When the Girl

is changed into a woman, the matter of
utmost importance to her is the regu-
larity with which nature purifies her
system. She should avoid retention,
suppression, or irregularity.

When nature is balked, the blood
becomes poisoned, heart, lungs, and
kidneys affected, and you have a
wreck of a beautiful life to
mourn.

Be advised. Lydia E. Pink-

ham's Vegetable
Compound is the greatest remedy
for irregular, painful, or suspended
action ever known. All druggists
have it, and thousands of women
recommend it.

ELY'S CATARRH

Cleanses the
Nasal Passages,
Alleviates Pain and
Inflammation,
Heals the Sores,
Restores the
Senses of Taste
and Smell.

TRY THE OURE, HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and in
a few minutes the itching and sneezing
ceases. Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold by
all druggists. ELY BROTHERS, 14 Warren St., New York.

WASH YOUR FACE WITH

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AGRICULTURAL NEWS

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR
RURAL READERS.

Convenient Egg Testing Contrivance—How
to Make a Secure Sliding Gate—Sliphod
Farming Doesn't Pay—Fork for Raking
Brush—General Farm Notes.

Testing Eggs for Hatching

In the hatching of poultry, much
loss is prevented by setting only fer-
tile eggs, and if these are again ex-
amined during the early period of in-
cubation the nests need not be fouled
by decaying and broken eggs which
would entail further loss. I use the
simple form of egg tester shown in the
accompanying engravings, says a
correspondent. A sheet of tin six
inches wide, eight and one-fourth
inches long on one side and seven

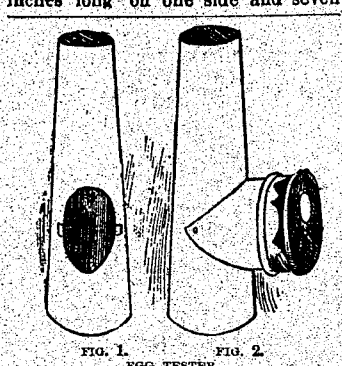


FIG. 1. EGG TESTER.

inches long on the other, has a two-
inch circular hole cut out of it near
the middle of the longer side so that
the edge of the opening is one and
one-fourth inches distant from that
side. The sheet is now bent and
soldered to form a tube, Fig. 1, six
inches long, the larger end of which
will fit on a lamp burner like an
ordinary lamp chimney. Four slits
are cut on the edge of the four oval-
shaped opening on the side of the
tube so that the edge of the tube may
be bent inward to hold a sheet of mica
inside of the tube and against the
opening. This allows the light to
shine through. A second tube, one
and a half inches long and nearly
three inches in diameter, is now
soldered at right angles to the first
tube, and around the mica opening.
A piece of black cloth is put over
the short tube and held in place by
a tin band. A one-inch hole is cut
near the top of the cloth to let
the light shine through. The
complete tester, Fig. 2, is placed as
a chimney on a lighted lamp, and is
always used in a dark room. The
egg to be tested should be held large
end up and placed against the hole in
the dark cloth, when the light will
shine through, more or less, accord-
ing to the condition of the egg.

Rake Up the Brush

After having clear up the brush.
To cut brush is not hard work.
Neither is it unpleasant to rake up
and pile if one uses the right ap-
pliance. One of these, and the most
handy thing found for the purpose, is
a common stable fork to which a
light pine board, 12x18 inches is at-
tached by wire. A slot three inches
deep is cut into the board at A, the
fork handle placed in it, and by the
use of holes bored in the board with
a gimlet wires attach it firmly to the

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and in anything but a happy frame
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necessary repairs before spring comes
will be behind all the season. Never in
the history of the world have farm-
ers been required to be more wide
awake and progressive than now.

Growing Sage

Sage, as a crop, is grown from the
seed, although the plants, once ob-
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place as soon as danger of frost is
over, and transplant in July to
ground from which a crop of early
peas or cabbage has been taken,
which makes the sage a second crop.
Plant in rows twenty inches apart
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hand cultivation. The crop is har-
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DRIVEN ON THE ROCKS

FOUR LIVES LOST ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Misses Margaret and Mary, and their father, were lost on the Pacific Ocean. The ship was driven on the rocks and the crew was killed.

The Pacific Coast Steamer Company's steamer, the *Los Angeles*, bound north from Newport, Cal., and way ports to San Francisco, ran on the rocks at Point Sur, Monterey, thirty miles south of Monterey, between 9 and 10 o'clock Saturday night. The steamer sank within a few minutes and the passengers and crew took to the boats. Three boats reached shore at Point Sur. Two other boats loaded and a raft containing other passengers and members of the crew were met by the steamer. The *Los Angeles* was known to have perished: Ralph Curtin, young son of Mr. Augustus Curtin, of Los Angeles; P. S. Fitzgerald, of Los Angeles; Timothy Nolan, of San Francisco; A. J. Sanders, of Los Angeles.

TO RUN IN A TUNNEL.

Stupendous Undertaking of a Chicago Elevated Railway.
The Northwestern L. E. and will spend millions in getting a right of way through the very heart of the business district of Chicago. It has been decided to condemn a strip forty feet wide right through all the business houses on its right of way from the river south to the city just north of the First National Bank Building and then east to Wabash avenue. The property crossed by the road is perhaps as valuable as any in Chicago. The company knows that millions of dollars in damages will be assessed against it, but the stockholders are ready to pay the bill. The road will be a profitable investment in the end. The plans adopted show that the railroad will run directly through the second story of all the business houses along its line between the river and the alley north of Montrose street. The houses will be torn down and the elevated structure will be supported on pillars, and the space under the tracks will be rented for stores and shops, just as if the trains were not thundering overhead. This method of getting a down-town right-of-way is unique. That it is perfectly feasible cannot be doubted, but the tremendous expense has kept other roads from undertaking to secure any such terminal.

MINERS WALK OUT.

Bituminous Output Nearly Stopped by Striking of the Workers.
Three-fourths of all the bituminous coal mined in Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, Missouri, Colorado and Indiana, Territory, were Saturday laid down their tools and inaugurated the biggest strike ever known in the United States, according to President McBride of the United Mine Workers of America. He estimates that 125,000 men of 150,000 miners have stopped work. It is conceded that 50,000 miners, unorganized, did not go out, but it is believed at headquarters they will join. It is understood many operators in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, and a fair proportion of those in Pennsylvania and West Virginia are willing to meet the miners and hope is entertained that the strike will not be of long duration. Disinterested persons, pointing out the fact that the demand for coal is not large now, express some fears as to the success of the strike.

TO WATCH THE TRAINS.

Small-Pox Patients Will Not Be Permitted to Enter or Leave Chicago.
As soon as competent men can be secured physicians will guard the terminal railroad stations of Chicago to prevent against the entrance of small-pox patients into the city and against the transportation of people afflicted with the malady out of the city. Health Commissioner Reynolds will adopt this plan for the purpose of getting rid of patients possible under supervision. Already work of this kind has been done, but as a further precautionary measure more men will be put at work. This will also satisfy the health boards of adjoining States which have become alarmed by the reports of the contagion in Chicago. A sharp lookout will be kept for persons suffering from small-pox, and if any are discovered the city authorities will take charge of them.

SUSPECTS FOUL PLAY.

Horace Dunsat Apparently Killed by a Railroad Train.
The Panhandle's fast meat train out of Chicago for St. Louis, arrived at Chicago in Hartford, Conn., on Friday morning and out him in two. At 8 o'clock that morning Dunsat got out of bed and went up town, telling his wife that he was sick and wanted medicine. An hour later he was killed by the train. He was not a striking man, but it is believed that he was murdered and placed on the track by a gang of tramps, who committed several burglaries. The coroner thinks there was foul play, and has asked the prosecutor to conduct the examination at the inquest.

Fire at St. Louis.

The old works of the Crown Linseed Oil Company at St. Louis were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$120,000 to the Crown Company and \$30,000 to the Ryan Oil Company, which had leased the elevator building to the Crown for storage purposes. The property consisted of a two-story brick. The Ryan Company had a good deal of wheat in the elevator, which was totally destroyed. The Crown works have been shut down for the past year and had not much stock on hand.

Lives Lost in Southern Cyclone.

A cyclone swept over Emmerville, Texas County, Missouri, doing an immense amount of damage. Ten M. Kent's house was blown down and Mrs. Kent and three children killed. The full extent of the damage done by the cyclone is not known. It is thought others were killed.

Evection to Be Dropped.

The reception of the evicted tenants' bill by the House of Commons was so unfavorable that, according to a London dispatch, it is doubtful whether the government will proceed with the measure.

Louisa in Missouri.

Farmers in the vicinity of Sedalia, Mo., report that the soil is alive with locusts. Thousands of the pests are thrown up by plows, and in places they can be scooped from the furrows by the shovel. Farmers are entreated that their appearance so early in the spring will result in the destruction of the tender crops.

Balm for a Broken Heart.

At Findlay, Ohio, in the breach of promise case of Emma Martin against Dr. Lorenzo Firmin, the jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$1,000. The peculiarity of the case lies in the fact that the defendant is 93 years old and was only recently married to a young woman.

Two Marines Burned Up.

News is brought by the steamer *Fortu* that two marines from the United States steamer *Marion* and four Japanese women were burned to death by the fire which recently destroyed a quarter of a mile of property in Yokohama. The marines were named Moore and Wood.

LOVE'S LINK.

A sad procession sought the church at noon of day.
A weeping girl along the winding summer way
Followed the slow-borne bier where mute her lover lay.
Adown that flowered path there came a bridal band,
The radiant wife stepped proudly, strong of heart and grand
With all the solemn joy of Love's still wonderland.
White-garmented, like day dawned clear with cloudless skies!
Dark-robed, like night o'ercast that scene no stars arise!
They met, they paused, they look into each other's eyes.
And then, for swift and sweet is love's converging tide,
Behold, the fair young wife wept as she turned aside.
The broken girl who wept smiled on the new-made bride.
—(Agnes Lee, in Donahoe's Magazine)

TILLMAN LAW INVALID.

South Carolina Supreme Court Declares It Unconstitutional.
The Tillman State Dispensary liquor law has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of South Carolina, two justices concurring and one (Tillman) dissenting from the opinion. The dispensary law, which went into effect July 1, 1904, prohibited the sale of intoxicating liquors by any private individual, and provided for the appointment by the Governor of a commissioner whose duty it should be to purchase all such liquors, giving preference to manufacturers and brewers doing business within the State, and to sell them to duly appointed dispensers in each county of the State, who in turn supplied them to purchasers for consumption. An exception was made in favor of druggists, who were permitted to buy liquor for compounding medicines.

Congressman Brown Is Very Ill.

Congressman Jason R. Brown, of the Third Indiana district, who has been a sufferer for months from a malignant cancer of the throat, died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on Saturday. He was 62 years of age. His illness was the result of a cancer of the throat, which covers the entire outside of his lower lip, is confined to his home in Baymour, greatly prostrated by his disease and its treatment. His physicians and his family are greatly alarmed by recent developments in his case.

Store Wrecked by an Explosion.

At the country store of Moore & Winterrowd, a few miles from Sullivan, Ind., an explosion wrecked the store and seriously injured three of six persons in the store at the time. Alvin Moore, Lewis Catana and John Catana were the ones most severely wounded or burned. It was caused by a match falling into a keg of powder.

The National Game.

The clubs of the National League stand as follows in the championship race:
Baltimore, 2 1/2; Philadelphia, 1 1/2; Boston, 1 1/2; Chicago, 1 1/2; St. Louis, 1 1/2; Cincinnati, 1 1/2; Cleveland, 1 1/2; Louisville, 1 1/2; Brooklyn, 1 1/2; Washington, 1 1/2; New York, 1 1/2.

Devoured by Bears.

Four dead bears have been found in Brown's valley, near Green River, Utah. They were found by a party of men who were hunting for bears. The bears were found in a cave, and it is supposed to have encountered a den of bears and was devoured after a desperate struggle.

Safe-Blowers Get \$2,000.

At Nashville, Mich., Barry & Bowring's private bank was robbed. The vaults were blown open, and it is known that the burglars secured at least \$2,000 in gold. How much currency was taken has not yet been learned.

Strike May Spread.

An officer of the A. R. U. says that the first move made by the Great Northern to hire more men was met by a strike on the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific lines, thus blocking absolutely all traffic.

Attempt to Rescue Da Gama.

An expedition of sympathizers with the Brazilian insurgents left Buenos Ayres to attempt the rescue of Admiral da Gama, who is confined aboard the Portuguese warship *Middleton*.

Big Fire in a Hotel.

Fire early Wednesday gutted the Merchants' Hotel, Bangor, Me. The house was filled with guests and many jumped from the windows. Several were severely injured.

Denial from Batelli.

The story published that Mr. Batelli would prefer charges against Archbishop Corrigan at Rome of conspiring against him was denied by the papal legate.

Children Crushed to Death.

The ceiling of Riverside school, in Point St. Charles, a Montreal suburb, collapsed. Three children were crushed to death and several wounded.

J. T. Jarvis Is to Succeed Vance.

J. T. Jarvis has been appointed and has accepted the United States Senatorship to succeed the late Senator Vance of North Carolina.

Piano-Maker Knabe Dies.

Ernest Knabe, the noted piano manufacturer, died Tuesday afternoon at Baltimore.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20
INDIANAPOLIS.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20
ST. LOUIS.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20
CINCINNATI.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20
DETROIT.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20
NEW YORK.		4:15
CATTLE—Common to Prime	30	40
HOGS—Shipping Grade	20	30
BEEF—Fair to Choice	30	40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	30	40
CORN—No. 2	20	30
OATS—No. 2	10	20
RYE—No. 2	10	20
BARLEY—No. 2	10	20
POTATOES—No. 2	10	20

LOVE'S LINK.

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—(Agnes Lee, in Donahoe's Magazine)

AS A CONSEQUENCE.

MARY A. SAWYER.

Deacon Albany sat at the tea-table. It was a warm night, the east wind that had tempered the day's heat having died away, and his coat, worn because of the presence of guests, made him uncomfortable. His eye was stern, and his voice, almost irritable, as he addressed his niece who sat at the head of the table.
"Then you and Sarah won't neither of you go?" he asked.
"No, uncle we are going to a party. I told you this morning."
"We positively cannot go to prayer meeting with you to-night, Deacon Albany," said Sarah Cooke. "I might be spared, but who could or would have a party without Meg?"
The deacon groaned aloud. He pushed aside his cup of tea, and leaning an elbow on the table, looked with a hard, strong glance at his niece, who, young, pretty, and becomingly attired in a freshly-ironed pink calico, sat quietly pouring the tea.
"You young things will be sorry some day," he said. "Wait till the alarming hand of death gits its clutch on you, an' you'll repent an' cry out an' smite your breast in fear an' trembling, but it'll be too late then to get in."

"You'll find the door shut, an' shut tight. It ain't held open forever an' forever, whilst folks is dancin', an' dispin', the way o' salvation. It'll be shut 'n' you'll find it."

He waxed warm, as he spoke, and his voice had a high, shrill note in it, which brought additional color into his niece's cheeks. She wished he would not go on like that, she said to herself, impatiently. Why couldn't he let them alone? What harm was there in a little party, a little gathering of friends, that he should go on so?

Sarah Cooke stirred her tea and looked at him calmly. "Is there much difference in death-beds, Deacon Albany?" she asked presently.

Meg stared at her, and the deacon glared at her. "Do I hear ye aright?" he said sharply. "do you, the daughter of professin' Christians, sit there and ask me if there is any difference 'twixt the death-bed of a Christian an' the death-bed of an unconverted sinner?"

"I don't believe there is much difference," said Sarah. "People who are sick enough to die are too sick to have any fear of anything."

"You don't know what you are talkin' about," replied the deacon. "You haven't never seen folks die, an' you don't know. But I have seen folks die, a plenty of 'em, an' I tell you there ain't no more heart-rendin' sight than to see an unconverted sinner writhin' an' tossin' about, all in an agony of fear, groanin' an' cryin' aloud, an' knowin' in his heart that he has put it off too long, that a life-time of remorse is his sure portion in the next world. Oh, it is terrible, terrible! And here you be, you two young things, puttin' it off, an' dancin' and fensin', 'stead o' goin' to prayer-meetin' an' findin' out the way o' salvation."

Sarah listened quietly. She had often attended the weekly prayer-meeting, where she had heard words of similar import, fall from the deacon's lips. Meg, also, was familiar with them. Ordinarily they seemed to her simply a part of the table-conversation, to which she need make no reply. To-night, they roused in her a spirit of defiance.

"I don't believe there's much difference," she said.
"What's that, hey?"
Meg's voice faltered little but she went on boldly. "I'd guess if it was you and me, Uncle Simon, I'd die just as quiet as you would. I ain't a mite afraid of making a great fuss when I die."

Deacon Albany rose and pushed his chair against the wall. The flush of anger faded from his face, his voice was less hard. "I have been a righteous man," he said, "and I expect to die the death of the righteous. Death has no terrors for the righteous man. It is but the last sleep, there is no fear, no clinging to life, no remorse. Such will be my death-bed, but for you, my child, I am sore afraid."

He went away out of the room. His boots creaked, and he walked on tip-toe, as if the grim, shadowing presence were waiting upon the threshold. The two young women were silent for a few moments after his departure. There had been a quiver in his voice which touched them. Meg was the first to speak. "I suppose I ought to go to prayer-meeting," she said. "I suppose I ought to go to-night."

Sarah made no reply. She crumbled a bit of bread into fine fragments, whilst Meg, in whose ears still lingered the words "my child," watched her absently.

Suddenly Sarah spoke. "Don't you want me to make you a few day's visit?" she asked.
Meg's eyes shone, as she answered eagerly. "Don't I? Will you really? Will you?"

Sarah mimicked her earnest voice. "Will I? Well," with a laugh, "after inviting myself, I think I will."

A week later, the deacon, Sarah and Meg were again seated at the table. Meg had removed the first

LOVE'S LINK.

course, and had brought on a steamed blueberry pudding with a sauce.
The sight of it moved the deacon to an almost joyous recital of a blueberry adventure of his boyhood. He kept a sharp eye upon his niece's movements, however. "Don't be soared of gittin' on too much sauce," he admonished. "Pudding without sauce is like life without religion. But it on plentiful, put it on plentiful, niece Margaret, you can't have too much of either in this life," falling, almost unconsciously, into his wonted serious phrasology, "pudding sauce no religion neither."

His manner was grave, his voice so earnest that Sarah stifled the laugh which rose to her lips. Here was a good man, she said to herself, a really good man; what mattered it if he made a strange mixture of pudding and religion?

It was the deacon's favorite pudding. He had partaken very freely of roast lamb and green peas and meaty new potatoes. So freely, indeed, that Sarah, watching him, felt a sudden fear lest the pudding would go begging. But the deacon's capacity proved equal to his desire. A second and a third helping were given him, and he ate with increasing satisfaction.

An amiable and benevolent smile spread itself over his face, and he pushed back his chair and rested his head against the wall. He was a fast eater, and Meg and Sarah had not yet finished their dessert. He looked affectionately at with an air of pride at his niece.

"That is as good a pudding as I ever tasted, Margaret," he said, presently. "I'll eat a bit for my supper."
"It is so good," said Sarah, "that I could eat another helping, if I had not this dreadful, lurking fear of all canned fruit."

"Canned fruit," said the deacon, "you won't get much canned fruit on my table, Miss Sarah. We string our own apples and raise our own fruit for preserving and there's always green things a plenty in the garden. I don't hold buying things you can raise on your own soil."

"But when blueberries will not be ripe for a month, and lamb isn't good without green peas, and your garden is so old to cook, why, then, Deacon Albany, canned goods must be used."

"Well, yes, I suppose they must, but I didn't know those were canned peas."
"Canned peas and canned blueberries," said Sarah, "are both so convenient that it is a pity people are always getting poisoned by eating them."

The deacon shifted his position, with an uneasy motion of the head. He remembered how freely he had eaten. He began to question the wisdom of yielding to the natural appetite. He foresaw a wretched afternoon.

"Now, I don't mind, you know," continued Sarah, placidly toying with a spoon. "I shall never eat very freely of canned fruits, since there is always the risk, but I am not nervous about them, as mamma and papa are. Papa won't touch them, you know."

The deacon rose up hastily and left the room. A vision of a long illness rose sharply before him. He groaned aloud when he reached the wood yard. "She said her father—and he a doctor—wouldn't touch them. And I—ate like a starving beggar."

He came in from the fields an hour earlier than usual that afternoon. He said the sun was very hot and the men could finish without him, yet he drew his large cane-seated rocking-chair beside the stove, and sat down in it.

"Are you cold, uncle?" asked Meg. "I guess I ain't feeling just right in my stomach, Marg'ret," replied Meg. "I shall all attention instantly."

"Shall I make you a bowl of ginger tea? The water is boiling."
The deacon assented eagerly. He watched its preparation and drank it with avidity, though it was so hot it brought tears to his eyes.

"You have taken a chill," said Meg. "You must go to bed as soon as supper is over."

To this the deacon submitted without a murmur. Perhaps he had taken cold, there had been a stiff breeze, he remembered. He drew the blankets more closely about him, and felt a certain consolation in a distant shiver; there he had worked without his vest, despite the east wind, he acknowledged gratefully. It was a chill, he would be well to-morrow.

About seven o'clock his niece came to his bedside. "I don't believe you'll need anything more before eleven o'clock," she said, "we'll be back by that time. I'll tell James to sit on the back porch. You can call him if you need anything."

The deacon felt himself dismissed to solitude and slumber. He pulled himself together with an effort. "Where are you two girls gadding to, to-night?" he asked.
"It is the night of the Fisher's little party," gently. "You will go to sleep directly and we'll be at home by eleven, at the latest." She bent over him and kissed him. "Why, you are quite feverish," she said. "I must make you some lemonade before I go. What a chill you must have taken."

Again the deacon felt a convincing shiver. He lifted his head and looked at his niece. "If you bought that new dress," he said, his thrifty soul asserting itself, "you can go; but you mustn't go off walking after it's over. An' you an' Sary'd better go to prayer meetin' next time an' learn how to die."

His head fell back instantly. He groaned more loudly than before. His last word had sent a sudden, gruesome apprehension to his heart.
"Why, what is it, Uncle? A pain?"
The deacon vayed his hand impatiently. "Go away," he said, in a husky voice, "go to your dancin' an' your singin', an' your mirth-making. Go, Margaret, an' leave a helpless old man alone to die."

"I will not do if you are sick, of course, uncle, but I think it is only a cold," she said.
"I am a very sick man," he interrupted, in a hollow whisper, "an' I'm growin' sicker every minute."

LOVE'S LINK.

It was again, hastily. It was hot and dry. It startled him. Tears sprang to his eyes.
"I'm a dreadful sick man," he moaned; "I'm on my dying bed, Marg'ret."
Margaret smoothed back his tumbled hair.
"Oh, no," she said, "the doctor'll cure you. I'll go out and send for him now."
"Tell James to hurry; tell him I'm—"

His lips refused to utter the dreadful word. He gasped and looked with mute entreaty at his niece.

Meg's calmness reassured him somewhat, but her parting word again set his heart fluttering.
"Oh, the doctor won't let you die," she said, leaving the room.

She returned presently, bearing a bowl of thoroughwort tea. Sarah followed, a spoon and napkin in her hand. She came up and looked at the deacon with a close attention which greatly enhanced his alarm. She placed her fingers on his pulse and counted the hurried throbs. "I'm studying with father," she explained. "I mean to be a doctor, you know, Deacon Albany."

The deacon made a feeble motion with his lips. Sarah stooped to listen. "Save me, Sary," he whispered, "don't let me—die."

"I will do what I can, Deacon Albany, but life and death are in the Lord's hands."

The deacon groaned aloud. Her gravity confirmed his fears, her words sent an icy chill to his heart. How often he had used them, when, striven by a sick-bed, he had striven with the impenitent sinner. "Life and death," he had said, "and you poor sinful creature, you've got death to face now. The Lord has summoned ye in the midst of your sins, and ye can't get away from death."

His eyes filled with sudden smarting tears. He felt a sudden fierce pity for the dying sinner. He wished he had been more gentle with them. He turned upon his pillow and lay with his face to the wall. He could not bear the sight of the fresh young faces.

Meg stole quietly from the room. Sarah heard her putting more wood in the stove. But the deacon heard nothing. From his troubled heart rose the troubled cry, "I ain't ready yet, Lord. Oh, Lord, let me live! let me live!"

In a short time Meg returned. "I thought I'd have some hot water ready," she said. "The doctor may want it. He seems feverish, don't you think?"

"They always do in such cases," returned Sarah, oracularly. "It is inevitable."

Low as was her voice the deacon caught the words. Again he uttered a deep groan. Both Sarah and Meg stooped over him. "What is it?" they asked. "Where is the pain?"

Meg loudly still the deacon groaned. He could not speak. His mind was occupied with those fatal words—"in such cases." She knew it then! She, the daughter of a doctor, almost a doctor herself, knew the symptoms of poisoning!

Groan after groan escaped from between his set lips; he extended his limbs and lay in an almost rigid position. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily in the intervals between the groans.

Meg stood beside him and smoothed his hair, passing her cool hand over his damp forehead from time to time. Her nearness, the sense of sympathy it imparted, gave him comfort, but it did not ease the load upon his heart. He moved his head restlessly, fixing his heavy eyes upon Sarah, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"Father, I'll be here directly," she said, reassuringly.
"He can't help me, no one can help me!" he cried out, suddenly. "I'm dying—dying—dying!"

"Oh, no, Deacon Albany," replied Sarah, "you will not face death this time. It is merely—"
The deacon stretched out his hand protestingly. "You mean well, Sary," he said, in a voice that was high and shrill with excitement, "but you don't know. You're young, an' you don't know."

"I know you are not sick enough to die."
"Don't tempt me, Sary," he moaned, "it is death that has come for me. I can feel it. I can feel his clay touch. Oh, Lord, oh Lord!"

Meg stooped and kissed his forehead. "I hear wheels," she said. "The doctor will cure you, dear uncle."

She went out of the room, returning in a moment or two. Her face was grave, and the deacon, tossing restlessly, noticed it immediately. "Where is he? Why don't he come in? Tell him to hurry." "Tell him—tell him—"

His voice failed suddenly, and he fell back upon the pillow. Meg hastened to soothe him. "He was away," she said, "but James left word. He'll be here soon."

LOVE'S LINK.

There was a twinkle in her eye and a laugh in her voice, but the deacon noticed them not. He sat up, waving his hand toward the door. "Go!" he cried. "Go downstairs, both of you!"
"Why, uncle?"
"Go!" he repeated. "I ain't sick no longer. I'm well. I'm a well man, thank God! Leave me. His voice trembled with his emotion, but a second later it took a softer tone. "Go," he said. "Leave me. Let me thank my Lord for His tender mercy and His loving kindness. Go, my dears."

Sarah and Meg went slowly down the stairs. Neither spoke. Both had heard something in his voice which kept them silent. They sat down upon the porch step and waited, still in silence.

The stars came out faintly, and presently a faint rim of gold betokened the rising of the moon. And still they sat in silence. But